## IN THE REALM OF LITERATURE AND ART,



New York: Frederick A. Stokes for it is indeed of the "lighter-than-air"

■ VER since Robert Hichens pro- THE CUCKOO'S NEST. By Martha Gilduced "The Garden of Allah" every story of northern Africa which has aught to do with the desert has been referred and compared to it. This is inevitable. Mr. conditions at pleasure, it becomes a Hichens caught the spirit of the desert matter of slight difficulty to render and painted a picture of the vastness axiomatic the following metaphorical and the silence which has never been theory: Love is a cuckoo nesting by equaled for dramatic vividness. In "The stealth in hearts already pre-empted Veil" the desert does not figure as a fac- and presumably settled. Take the year's tor, save for a brief passage at the out- playtime and the open road, with their set, but, nevertheless, in this treatment native backward cast toward vagaof the African-Arabian character the bondage; make the playground France hands of his great granddaughter for historian and romancer for a century, entered into Mr. Hichens' work. "The scenery and mellowing climate—with a visualize, so far as possible, the crown- work and drama. The present volume Veil' is not a great story, for it lacks step across to Monte Carlo, where an in constructive strength. It is, however, irresistible sorceress sits; draw together ing event of his career and to bring, as treats not of the romance of dauphin's a decidedly entertaining one, and it is a dozen people-men and women-by well, the tribute of a grateful nation to disappearance, but deals with the tragedy full of subtlety and dramatic power, jus- the tie of this common summer dalli- the man whose achievement stands for of it in the light of memoirs of men who remarkably effective novel. The story deals with the secret plottings of a native leader of Tunis to throw off the French by a premature uprising of the people. a Sicilian shipping agent and his suc- chief figures are types with few, if ideas upon his cherished subject, of dorff's "Recollections." cessor furnish what little there is of a narrative sequence. There are two strongly drawn and interesting characters. Si Ismael and Mabrouka. The former is the head of the Islamic movement, and the latter his former wife, now e dancing woman, who is used in his plots in a manner and for a purpose which is not rendered entirely clear.

OPEN COUNTRY; a Comedy with a Sting. By Maurice Hewlett. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Washington: Woodward & Lothrop. It was inevitable that Mr. Hewlett, haveffectively in "Halfway House," should more than fine, it's glorious!" return to him with a later story. Sen- He spoke aloud in his enthusiasm. A impressive and convincing in the second narrative than he has. Inasmuch as in "Halfway House" he brings Senhouse to the climax of his romance, it was only weather. merely as an incidental, to revert to a is a reel August day. I knew it. Fust spective owner of the fruit before he was lifted to his when a young lady, de- she said, coldly. "I should explain that Senhouse of this book is the man who traveled about England in his cart, plant- was in for a scorcher."

of the first story Mr. Hewlett is seldom tiresome. In and expositions of his peculiar views on political, moral, economic and artistic "That was rather clever of you," he Wight, sir." These are in the form of a series of letters written to Sanchia Perce- barometer stood high, I personally was val, with whom he is desperately in love. dreading a fog three hours ago." Sanchia herself is a pallid creature, who has some supremely fine negative qualities and is, of course, a tremendous to influence her social career. Mr. Hewlett dallies with his theme in an at times trifling manner, to the end of somewhat

GREEN GINGER. By Arthur Morrison. author of "Tales of Mean Streets," etc. New York: Frederick A. Stokes

Some of these sixteen stories have appeared in magazines, chiefly the Strand, Timms, His Marks," is well worth re- fashioned notion that pigs can see the gether. Both were famous in the annals weighing Figuero's motives in coming to reading, while "Dobb's Parrot" never be- wind?" comes tiresome. Some of the others are "The Drinkwater Romance," "Mr. Bo- was new to him and he was a conserva-"The Rod Street tive. stock's Backsliding." Revolution," "Captain Jollyfax's Gun" and "The Seller of Hate," all of them of stubbornly. vivid sense of the English middle class and rural character. Mr. Morrison is a that humorist with much of the quality of W. "You may break, you may chatter, the vace it W. Jacobs in his exquisite tales of riverfront life. But Mr. Morrison has a wider acquaintance, having studied slum life at close range. Some of his stories, unfortunately, show a sense of the cramping stick on the pavement. Though he hoped of space limitations and are rather unduly rushed in their climaxes.

THE PICTURESQUE RIVER SERIES-THE PICTURESQUE HUDSON. demanded, wrathfully. Written and Illustrated by Clifton Johnson. New York: The Macmil-

Attention is now centering upon the Hudson river in consequence of the celesteam navigation of the stream. Mr. Johnson's contribution to the "Picturesque River Series" deals with the Hudand descriptively. In telling the story of into a garden. \* \* Might just as well the river as it appears today from mouth 'ave called it Maria." to source, he incidentally touches upon convenient size for pocket use, and will Monday of the town's great week. In be serviceable as a guide book as well as front sparkled the waters of the Solent, a contribution to the library. The illus- the Bond street of ocean highways. A to analyze the thoughts and

If there is such a thing as the "dead able pleasure fleet hung sleepily from line" in stage life, Andre Castaigne has selected his characters from this portion flying back to Cowes after rounding the interested observer can see life at its of the underworld. There is something East Lepe buoy. Jackyard topsails and fascinating about the volume that holds bowsprit spinnakers preened before it. one until the final page of the tale is Though almost imperceptible on shore, it story winds and clings itself about the three-meter cutters, such as White life of one "Bill-topper," a young girl, Heather II, Brynhild and Nyria, splendid as the later day headliner of a vaude- Creole and Britomart, swooped grandly ville bill, the main attraction or the into the midst of the anchored craft as drawing card for the audience. The tale though bent on self-destruction. To the opens with the trials and tribulations of unskilled eye it seemed a sheer miracle an apprentice girl who is being taught that any of them should emerge from the the art of trick bicycle riding. Her father chaos of yachts, redwings, launches, mois the tutor and the strap is often resorted tor boats, excursion steamers and smaller per, in company with her parents and nothing if not nautical. Those who un- at the free clinic in the hospital. to as a means of teaching. The bill-top- fry that beset their path. But Cowes is from Calcutta to Alaska and Peking to ghies of moored yachts would be cleared two of the public hospitals at least once New York. But. dissatisfied with the magically, and even spinnaker booms top- every day. Of course, they are primarily cloaked physician. Side by side can be and is married to an itinerant show- who did not understand-who heard no cannot meet the expenses of the home life crushed man, Trampy Wheel-Pad. This life proves syllable of the full and free language when the added weight of illness bears cheek, and the slight, crouching figure of in the yards near Benning. As he had to be worse than the former, the wife being that greeted an inane rowboat essaying down upon the wage earner. Even from a woman, her form rent now and then received the cut on his arm he had been forced again to take up her stage riding an adventurous crossing of the course— this class of people is expected part pay- with paroxysms of coughing and every pushed from the car, his left foot falling to support her husband, who is a fa- gazed breathlessly at these wondrous ment, at least, for medicines used. But if visible sign of the dread "white plague," vorite among all women of the paint and argosies, and marveled at their escape it is known that the patient is worthy, which is slowly but surely taking her to glad enough to go to the institution, for powder clan. Jimmie, an electrician, from disaster. Then the white fleet swept yet unable to pay a penny, he receives the her final resting place. Next in line sits he knew that the pain would be eased falls in love with the bill-topper, much past the mouth of the river and vanished same treatment as does the patient who an old man who has shuffled to his place and that he could rest more quietly there to the dismay of Trampy, and invents a behind Old Castle Point on the way to engages the highest-priced private ward led by a little girl. He has cataract of than any other led by a little girl. also a bill-topper. With a series of hits the beginning of the homeward run. And clinic was established in the emergency the last milestone in the race of life hopeworld. Jimmie delves further into the —and Cowes forthwith settled down to decscientific and produces an "aerobike," a orous junketing.

In a product the decomputation of the foot. He is that fiesh is helr to" under the obscreen of the blind. As the motley lay quiet, thinking that the injured memscreen of the blind. As the motley lay quiet, thinking that the injured memvehicle for the bill-topper at the opening of are rounding out their medical courses as gathering waits, the outer door opens and ber would be dressed and he would be of a new theater, the Astarium, in Paris. gray-hulled monsters had thundered a internes just previous to "taking the med-In the scramble for position on the new royal salute of twenty-one guns, and the ical board." What the patients are to the lief from the "white devil doctor" that made him close his eyes until he heard the act of the instruments as they theater's program, Jimmie, the inventor, smoke-cloud still lay in a blue film on the medical student as a means of studying years of burning joss sticks to his Celes- the rattle of the instruments as they theater's program, Jimmie, the inventor, smoke-cloud still lay in a blue him on the intedical student as a means of studying years of burning joss sticks to insched a lows Lily to ride the aerobike. As a Hampshire coast. The Dreadnought was sickness in every form they are to the tial gods have failed to give.

The discovers that hauling at her anchors before taking a human-nature student in bringing before the first patient is called and takes his the latter an unending and continuously place in the center of the little amphithe-Ave Marie, a Mexican contortionist, be- prowess of her gunners. The emperor's changing study of life. All the year round ater about which are lined the internes. Ave Marie, a Mexican contortionist, be- provess of her guillets. The emperor's changing study of life. All the jobi round after about which are lined the internes. fore his conquest with her. Thus Lily's private yacht, a half-fledged man-o'-war, the doors of the daily clinics are thrown They look upon all patients as "cases" marriage is void and Jimmie figures as was creeping in the wake of the compet- open to the diseased and suffering speci- even in the most pathetic instances. They marriage is void and Jimmie ngures as was declared. They an important character in a later wed- ing yachts. Perchance her officers might mens of humanity who are unable to seare "hardened" to disease and pain and The book is well illustrated by the au- of the racing.

thor, the dry point etchings being es-

ANNE OF AVONLEA. By L. M. Mont-Gibbs. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. Following "Anne of Green Gables," this book is for girls alone. It is very simple titude, yachting at Cowes consists of the from suffering and sometimes death. The The wan little woman's time has come tresses. Anne is no heroine, but far from evening.

THE VEIL. By Ethel Stephana Stevens. Avonlea" can be labeled "light fiction,"

York: Duffield & Co. With power to choose and arrange ing inside information about the work-

cally, as well as artfully, drawn ac- ton. cording to psychological laws and so-"A Modern Prometheus," etc. New lyzed the human with fine keen edge and gives evidence throughout of hav-

ings of the human heart. This frivo-

the profound things of life.

ous summer playtime covers some of

ROBERT FULTON AND THE CLER-MONT. By Alice Crary Sutcliffe. New York: The Century Company. of the life of Robert Fulton from the France has been a fruitful literary theme -Paris, the enchanting chateau coun- comes as a fitting and welcome attend- and about it have been woven many fan-

the neighbor's corn, is probably the most the broad and fundamental nature of inventor's life. Material new to the complex situation in the story. "Annie of the phases of social life depicted. The public helps to complete a personality characters, whether expressing them- in which the world takes a keen and

> Francaise, together with introduc- ing subject. tion and notes by Maurice Vitrac and Arnould Galopin, to which is added Joseph Turquan's "New Light Upon the Fate of Louis XVII." Illustrated. New York: The John

McBride Company. A story of the most significant part The fate of the unfortunate Dauphin of

preface the authors pay high tribute to conclusions. by Jules Lemaitre of the Academie addition to the books upon this fascinat- pursuit.

> SOME NEW LITERARY VALUATIONS. By William Cleaver Wilkinson, professor of poetry and criticism in the University of Chicago, author of "The Epic of Saul." New York:

Funk & Wagnalls Company. In conclusion-1. William Dean Howells is (perhaps) not so great a writer as he seems, intellectually and morally, constory has much of the quality that has try, the southland in its bewitching and upon the historical pageant set to ciful tales and more than one speculative stituted to be. 2. Matthew Arnold is neither critic nor poet, in the true significance of either term. 3. Tennyson tifying the belief that with a more consistent plot the author might produce a simpler way to prove that love is the ress. That the story comes from one of ing up to the disappearance of this piti- rests in no sense upon these half dozen spice to the adventures. It is written in fabled cuckoo! The book is dramatic. Fulton's own family gives it the grace ful French boy.

In its composition every situation, of sentiment and the interest of inti
The work contains two very distinct and ing and final they may be; these con
reader to the and of the story. slight as well as important, is devel- mate detail. Made up, in large part, of it might be said opposite parts. The first clusions, as facts, are interesting chiefly reader to the end of the story. authority and the thwarting of his plan oped and set with a mind keen to its letters passing between Fulton and part comprises Eckard's memoirs upon as the source either of self-gratulation at structural and artistic value. From this possible patrons, of drawings and the captivity and death of Louis XVII, one's own literary judgment confirmed, or His schemes to enlist the co-operation of come vitality, color, atmosphere. The charts picturing the growth of his while the second is composed of Naun- that of self-commiseration at a literary The work of god defaced. The great and substantial any, of the vagaries of the individual. itemized money accounts and the like, Eckard is presented as history by the value of the book lies in the clear and

at a country homestead, where cows This is due to the writer's generalizing the book, thus personal in tone, brings compilers, while Naundorff's tale is sufficiently full demonstration of the criti-still, an analysis-of the gradual growth break through the fence and partake of habit of mind. which is shown, too, in the reader into the secret places of the branded by them as imaginary. In their cal method employed in reaching these of insanity in an individual. The writer Literary material-varied. Eckard, and, while quoting from the me- rich, complete, matured-is presented moirs of Naundorff, who, it will be re- with impartial fidelity to fact, condition ject an English country home and family, selves in action or speech, have person- grateful interest. This is a valuable membered, claimed to be the dauphin and purpose and then left to the unswerv- with abundant wealth expressed in busiality and temperament and are logi- contribution to the literature on Ful- and published a vivid account of his al- ing course of an invincible logic for the ness, houses, lands. The victim is the leged sufferings, condemn him unquali- results. One studying this book, to a de- titled son of this house. The medium fiedly as an impostor. The volume is il- gree, participates in the use of these inbert Dickinson Bianchi, author of cial environment. The author has ana. THE KING WHO NEVER REIGNED; lustrated from old engravings of charac- struments of critical literary measure-Memoirs upon Louis XVII. By Eck- ters and scenes of the dauphin's time ment and, through continued study, fashard and Naundorff; with a preface and furnishes an interesting and valuable ions for himself an unfailing guide in this

> A KING IN KHAKI. By Henry Kitchell Webster, author of "The Whispering Man," etc. Illustrated. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Here, indeed, is, as Sir Philip Sydney said, "A tale which holdeth children from play and old men from the chimney corner." For the window seat on the rainy ance on the part of the reader passes on Sunday afternoon or before the gas log up through astonishment, anger, dison the blustery fall night, or even the appointment, discouragement, as idiosyn sunny end of the porch on a long Indian crasy becomes acute eccentricity revealed through unreliability in crises, absurdity summer day, it will answer admirably to of plan, folly in action and finally social divert and interest. It is a story of Yan- and political suicide. So artfully is the is (so far) the world's greatest lyrist-and kee pluck in tropic seas, with a hurriso on with the remaining subjects under cane, a pot of buried pirate gold and a literary appraisements, however convinc- a dashing style, suitable to the rapidly

> SIR GUY AND LADY RANNARD. By H. N. Dickinson. New York: Duf-

field & Co. This is a masterly picture-or better

# MESSAGE-BY LOUIS TRACY

CHAPTER I. Derelicts.

"It's fine!" said Arthur Warden, lowering created the character of Senhouse, ing his binoculars so as to glut his eyes the gentleman vagabond who figures so with the full spectacle. "In fact, it's

house is worthy of perpetuation. But stout, elderly man who stood near-a man to resemble him. Mr. Hewlett might have made him more with "retired tradesman" writ large on he mused. face and figure-believed that the tall, spare-built yachtsman was praising the bought some picture post cards, a box of earth where fate, the enchantress, had were apt to place themselves unreservedly

possible, unless he was to be considered "Yes, sir," he chortled, pompously, "this thing this morning I tole my missus we learned the price. There were four

ing flowers and shocking his conventional Warden gradually became aware that ment. He turned and read the weather "I see you have catered for Lucullus?" of the book is devoted to a series of dia- was far too well disposed toward all men olis." tribes by Senhouse on the state of society that he should dream of inflicting a snub. "There's no such places in the Isle of

beauty. Senhouse realizes his social limi- three pun' ten for it, but there's a bartations and refrains himself from intrud- rowmeter in my bones that's worth a Horace. I sup with Lucullus tonight. ing his affections upon the young woman dozen o' them things. I'll back rheumatiz an' a side o' bacon any day to beat the best glass ever invented." All unknowing, here was the touch of

destroying the climatic effect of his nar- genius that makes men listen. Warden showed his interest. "A side of bacon!" he repeated. "Yes, sir. Nothing to ekal it. I was in the trade, so I know wot I'm talkin' about. And, when you come to think of he reflected. "I have scored two failit, why not? Pig skin an' salt-one of 'em ures. Having conjured Horace from a

won't have any truck wi' damp-doesn't coal cellar let me now confer with Di- cluding words. want it an' shows it-an' t'other sucks it ogenes in his tub." up like a calf drinkin' milk. I've handled bacon in tons, every brand in the nomenally small dinghy, the phrase was ner's." market, an' you can't smoke any of 'em a happy enough description of the ex-

"I'm better acquent wi' bacon," he said, first-class workmanship, and giving a "So I gather. I was only developing" your very original idea, on the principle

But the scent of the roses will hang round still.

some of his friends would see him hobnobbing "with a swell." he refused to be made game of. "Wot 'as scent got to do with it?" he

"Everything. Believe me, pigs have been used as pointers. And consider the porcine love of flowers. Why, there once was a pig named Maud because it would come into the garden.' Had Warden laughed he might have clean-cut, somewhat sallow face did not

relax, and an angry man puffed away from him in a red temper.

Then Warden, left at peace with the THE BILL-TOPPERS. By Andre Cas- facets. It was so light a breeze that any taigne. Illustrated by the author, ordinary sailing craft would have failed the gay flags and bunting of an innumer- books, but from the viewpoint of the pertheir staffs and halyards. Yet it sufficed to bring a covey of white-winged yachts The title is plural, yet the sea into life and motion. Huge twentyawoke these gorgeous butterflies of the "Bill-topper" is understood cruisers like Maoona, Merrymaid, Shima. omnipresent bike, tours the world derstood knew that bowsprits and dinshe runs away from her parents ped to avoid lesser obstruction. Those an institution for the poorer classes, who

palatial vessels in the roads. To the mul- those whom the free clinic alone keeps chine "in the running."

lady who by long association had grown mouth ferryboat happened to be disgorg- dinghy is not fifty yards distant."

peaches. Being a dilettante in some re- girl. spects, he admired and became the propeaches in the basket and they cost him

ten shillings. "Ah," he said, as the shopkeeper threw friends, some four years prior to the time these ineptitudes were by way of com- the half sovereign carelessly into the till, "Open Country." however, he is occaprophet's label at a glance. But life was "I don't think so, sir," said the green-sionally undeniably so. The greater part too gracious at that moment, and he grocer, affably. "Where does he live?" "He had villas at Tusculum and Neap-

nge! Has not the game dealer across the street supplied him with peacocks' tongues?'

'Somebody's bin gettin' at you, sir,' "True, very true. Yet, according to

"Horace said that, did he?" The greengrocer suddenly turned and peered down a stairway. "Horace!" he yelled, "who's this here Lucullus you've bin gassin' about?" A shock-headed boy appeared. Loo who?" said he.

'My humor does not appeal to Cowes,

Warden departed swiftly.

Applied to Peter Evans and his pheriver Medina. But Warden's pace slackened again

breeze freshened. It was in his mind to on, nervously. train and ramble in Parkhurst forest for you might know-" The ex-bacon factor rapped an emphatic a couple of hours. Recalling that happy-

fact that the breeze which sent the com- go-lucky mood in later days of storm and proceeded to surprise her.

Drifting with the holiday crowd, he helped to bring him to the one spot on She was so good-looking that young men fat men." cigarettes and a basket of hothouse set her snare in the guise of a pretty at her disposal without reference to sun, For it was undeniably a pretty face that taching herself from the living torrent an officer on board the steamer told me I

that delayed him for a few seconds on ought to discover the whereabouts of the ascertain the berth of the yacht Sans charge.' enough of speech, yet now he was tongue- there for nothing. Come with me as far In the very instant that the girl as the quay. One glance at Peter will put forward her simple request his eyes restore the confidence you have lost in were fixed on the swarthy features of a me."

Portuguese freebooter known to him as Then he smiled, and a woman can ininfesting the hinterland of Nigeria. There canny prescience. The whiff of pique blew was no mistaking the man. The panama away and she temporized. hat, spotless linen, fashionable suit and glossy boots of a typical visitor to Cowes certainly offered strong contrast to the soiled garb of the balked slave-trader Arthur Warden had gazed steadily at English she came to the point. Miguel Figuero along the barrel of a revolver; under such circumstances one does

For a little space, then the Englishman's imagination wandered far afield. Instinctively he raised his hat as he turned to the girl and repeated her con-

'The Sans Souci, did you say?" "Yes a steam yacht-Mr. Baumgart-

She paused. Though Warden was lispilot who owned the Nancy. Evans and tening now his wits were still wool-gath-"Does your theory account for the old- his craft had gone out of commission to- ering. His subconscious judgment was of channel pilotage, but an accident had England, and, of all places, to Cowes quainted." The stout man considered the point. It deprived Peter of his left leg, so he Of the many men he had encountered durearned a livelihood by summer cruising ing an active life this inland pirate was course," and she halted suddenly. round the coast, and he was now await- absolutely the last he would expect to ing his present employer at a quay in the meet during regatta week in the Isle of Wight.

The girl, half aware of his obsession, once he was clear of the fruiterer's shop. became confused-even a trifle resentful. "I am sorry to trouble you," she went bid Peter meet him again at 4 o'clock. would be such a crowd, and I spoke to

Meanwhile, he would go to Newport by you because-because you looked as if

Then he recovered his self-possession

petitors in the various matches spinning and stress, he tried to piece together the "I do know." he broke in, hurriedly. of buying an aeroplane. Ten minutes ago merrily to Spithead would not move his trivial incidents that were even then con- "Pray allow me to apologize. The sun you and I had never met. Yet here we hired cutter a yard against the tide. So, spiring to bring about the great climax was in my eyes and he permits no com- are, you and I and the luscious four. And having nothing better to do, he sauntered of his life. A pace to left or right, a petition. Against him, even you would there is Peter, sailing master, cook and along the promenade toward the main classical quip at his extravagance in the dazzle in vals. To make amends let me general factotem of the Nancy cutter. street. On the way he passed the one- matter of the peaches, a slight hamper- take you to the Sans Souci. She is Don't you think Peter's wooden leg intime purveyor of bacon sitting beside a ing of free movement because the Ports- moored quite close to my cutter, and my duces trust? He calls it a prop, which

moon or stars.

the pavement, appealed for information. yacht before starting, or the boatman 'Will you please tell me how I can would take me out of my way and over-"Exactly. That officer's name was Solo-It has been seen that he was glib mon. Now, I propose to take you straight

"Is the Sans Souci a long way out?"

"Nearly a mile. And look! We can eat these while Peter toils." He opened the paper bag and showed whom he had driven out of a burning her the peaches. She laughed lightly. and blood-bespattered African village a Were she a Frenchwoman she would have brief year earlier. But on that occasion said, "But, sir, you are droll." Being

> "Where is the quay you speak of?" "Here. Close at hand." As they walked off together she discovered out of the corner of her eye that his glance was searching the thinning mob of her fellow-passengers. She guessed that he had recognized some person un-

expectedly. "Are you sure I am not trespassing on your time?" she demanded. 'Quite sure. When I said the sun was in my eyes I used poetic license. I meant dinghy sped rapidly into the open waters the West African sun. A man who ar- of the Solent. At that hour there was rived on your steamer reminded me of but slight stir in the roadstead. Every-Nigeria - where we - er - became ac- body affoat seemed to be eating. Each

"There! You want to speak to him, He smiled again and held out the bag. me run after him and offer peaches that deck of a distant warship. Sitting in this conservation of natural resources.

were meant for you?" "Rut that is ridiculous."

'Most certainly.' "I don't mean that. How could you possibly have provided peaches for me?" 'I don't know. Ask the fairies who arrange these things. Ten minutes ago I

had no more notion of buying fruit than suggests both moral and physical support. ing some hundreds of sightseers into the The girl drew back a little. This offer By the way; have you ever noticed that 'Now I wonder if her name is Maria," main street of West Cowes-each of these of service was rather too prompt, while wooden-legged men are invariably fat? things, so insignificant, so commonplace, its wording was peculiar, to say the least. And Caesar vouched for the integrity of

Though the girl began to find his chatter agreeable, she was secretly dismayed when she compared the gigantic Peter with the diminutive dinghy. She had never before seen so broad a man or so small a boat. But she had grit and was unwilling to voice her doubt. "Will it hold us?" she inquired with apparent unconcern.

Oh, yes. When Peter was a pilot that little craft carried him and his two mates through many a heavy sea. Don't be afraid. We will put you safely on board the Sans Souci. Now, you sit there and hold the bag. I'll take my two at once, please, as I find room forrard." 'Not much of a breeze for cruisin', Mr. Warden," grinned Peter, casting an appreclative eye over the latest addition to the Nancy's muster roll.

"We're not bound for a cruise, Peter, worse luck." said Warden. "The young lady wishes to reach that big yacht moored abreast of the cutter. So give way, O heart of oak! Thou wert christened stone, yet a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches." Peter winked solemnly at the fair un-

"He do go on, don't he, miss?" he said. The girl nodded, for ripe peach is an engrossing fruit. She was enjoying her little adventure. It savored of romance Already her slight feeling of nervousness had vanished. In her heart of hearts she hoped that Mr. Warden might prove to be a friend of the Baumgartners.

Under Peter's powerful strokes the "He is a Portuguese gin-trader-and ing in the grounds of the clubhouse. A cockleshell of a craft, so near the glistening water that one might trail both hands in it, was vastly agreeable after a long journey by rail and steamer. From sea level the girl obtained an entirely different picture of Cowes and the Solent from that glimpsed from the throbbing ferry boat. The sea appeared to have risen, the wooded hills and clusters of houses to have sunk bodily. Already the shore was curiously remote. A sense of brooding peace fell on her like a mantle. She sighed and wondered why she was so

content habits seemed to have cast a spell on their tongues. For fully five minutes no one spoke. The wondrous silence was broken only by the rhythmical clank of the oars, the light plash of the boat's movement, the strains of a waltz from the castle lawn and the musical laughter of women from the yachts.

Owing to the shortness of the dinghy, and the fact that the girl faced Warden, with Peter intervening, the two younger other occasionally. The man saw a sweet-ly pretty face dowered with a rare con-iunction of myosotic blue conjunction of myosotis blue eyes and purple eyelashes, and crowned with a mass of dark brown hair. Accent, manner and attire bespoke good breeding. She was dressed well, though simply, in blue canvas. Being somewhat of an artist, he did not fail to note that her hat, blouse, gloves and boots, though probably inexpensive, harmonized in brown tints. She was young, perhaps twenty-two. Guessing at random, he imagined her the daughter of some country rector, and, from recent observation of the Baumgartners, eked out by their public repute, he admitted a certain sentiment of surprise that such blatant parvenus should

be on her visiting list. For her part, the girl had long since was an army man. West Africa gave a Un32f. hint of foreign service that was borne out by a paleness beneath the tan of the university in itself, conferring a well defined tone, a subtle distinctiveness. Each line of his sinewy frame told of drill, and his rather stern face was eloquent of one accustomed to command.

These professional hall marks were not lost on her. She had mixed in circles Grafe, E. W. How to Build a Speed Launch. where they were recognized. And she UU-G754. Construction as well as the design. an's phrase, she thought it was "nice of him" not to question her. She was quite sure that if they met again ashore that tion, rigging and management of boats and afternoon he would leave her the option motors. ance as she thought fit. Yet, for one so ready of speech after the first awkward for obtaining speed.

Neison, Adrian. Practical Boat Building for b ance as she thought fit. Yet, for one so UU-M873h. Simple and practical instructions moment outside the steamer pier, it was Amsteurs. UU-NS14. Directions for building surprising that he should now be so taci-

When he did address her he kept strictly to the purpose of their expedition.
"That is the San Souci," he said, pointing to a large white yacht in the distance. "A splendid vessel. Built on the Clyde, I believe?"

"Ay, three hunnerd tons, an' good for ten knots in any or'nary sea," put in "You know her, of course?" went on Warden. "No. I have never before set eyes on her." "Well, you will enjoy your visit all the

more, perhaps. From last night's indications you should have plenty of amusement on board." "Are there many people there, then?"

was coming and going at all hours.' "What is that?" she asked, inconsequently, indicating with a glance a small round object bobbing merrily westward some few yards away. sceared. Ef you all had just told me my float broken loose from a fishing net," said Warden. Peter.

used is the development of a political career supplemented by the influence of the wife, a woman of such compelling personality that only the fine restraint of the author keeps her from, now and then, obscuring the chief figure of the story. The reader, liking the attractive young nobleman, pleased at his wealth, in accord with his ambitions, feels at first only impatience—as with a real person—over disturbing peculiarities of disposition, indulgently counted, however, as the fading effects of a youthful physical infirmity, now overcome. This early annoy thing done that only at the last does the reader realize, with a distinct shock of personal pain, that this before him is a piece of human wreckage wrought by an insidious and deadly disease. BOOKS RECEIVED

has chosen as a background for this sub-

COLLEGE YEARS. By Ralph D. Paine. Illustrated by Worth Brehm. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. Washington: Woodward & Lothrop.

THE OLD DEERFIELD SERIES-BOYS AND GIRLS OF SEVENTY-SEVEN. By Mary P. Wells Smith, author of "The Young Puritans Series." Illustrated by Ch. Grunwald. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

THE PALISADES OF THE HUDSON: Their Formation, Tradition, Romance, Historical Associations, Natural Wonders and Preservation. By Arthur C. Mack. Edgewater, N. J.: The Palisade Press.

THE HUMAN BODY AND HEALTH An Intermediate Text Book of Essential Physiology, Applied Hygiene and Practical Sanitation for Schools. By Alvin Davison, M. S., A. M., Ph. D., professor of biology in Lafayette College. New York: American Book

Company. HE WIDE AWAKE GIRLS SERIES THE WIDE AWAKE GIRLS IN WINSTED. By Katharine Ruth Ellis, author of "The Wide Awake Girls." Illustrated by Sears Gallagher. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

THE SIDNEY BOOKS - JANET AT opps. By Anna Chapin Ray, author of "Janet; Her Winter in Quebea" etc. Illustrated by Harriet Rooms velt Richards. Boston: Little, Brown STORY LAND. By Clara Murray, author of "The Child at Play," etc.

Boston: Little, Brown & Co. Four Volumes: "Kathleen in Ireland," "Raphael in Italy," "Ume San in Japan" and "Manuel in Mexico." By Etta Blafsdell McDonald and Julia Dalrymple. Illustrated. Bos-

ton: Little Brown & Co.

SONNETS FROM THE PORTUGUESE. By Elizabeth Barrett Browning. New York: Duffield & Co.

#### PUBLIC LIBRARY

RECENT ADDITIONS IN BUSI-NESS AND ECONOMICS

The titles on the tariff in the following list show some of the recent additions to launch and yacht they passed held a the Public Library on this topic of presluncheon party beneath awnings or in a ent interest. Bridgman's book, published deck saloon. Through the golden stillness this year, is especially suggestive. In the came the pleasant notes of a band play- list on economics, Cronau's book is timeworse. And he is gone. Would you have bugle sounded faint and shrill from the ly in calling attention to the need for

Bascom, John. Political Economy. 1861. HO B292p.
Bullock, C. J. Elements of Economics. 1905. Carden, G. L. Machine Tool Trade in Germany. Prance. Switzerland, Italy and United Kingdom. 1909. HE30-C177m.
Cronau. Rudolf. Our Wasteful Nation. 1908. Dawson, W. H. Evolution of Modern Germany, 1908, HC47-D328,
Smith, R. E. Wheat Fields and Markets of the World, 1908, HEW-Sm66w. U. S. Inland Waterways Commission. Proceedings of a conference of governors in the White House, Washington, D. C., May 13-15, 1908. 1909. HE83-Un37.

Bridgman, R. L. Passing of the Tariff. 1909. HU83-B763p International Free Trade Congress. Report of the proceedings, London, 1908. 1900. HV-InS3. National Association of Manufacturers of the U.S. and Others. Arguments for a permanent non-partisan expert tariff commission. 1908. HUS3-N216. bertson, J. M. Trade and Tariffs. HV-M547t

Tariff.

Business.

Bentley, H. C. Corporate Finance and Accounting. 1908. HKB-B446c. manship, a practical guide for shop as commercial traveler and agent. 1908. manship, a Dicksee, L. R. A B C of Bookkeeping. 1908. HKB-D567ab. Duff, Peter. Bookkeeping by Single and Denble Entry. 1908. HKB-D878. Edgar, A. E. How to Advertise a Retail Store. 1909. HKA-Ad32h. How to Keep Farm Accounts. Steiner, H. 1905. HKB-St346h. French, George. Art and Science of Advertis-ing. 1909. HKA-F887. King, Joseph, and others. Management of Private Affairs. 1908. HK-M316. U. S. Statistics Bureau, Commerce and Labor Department. Foreign Commerce and Navigation Whitehead, H. C. Railway Auditor: An outline of the system of railway auditing.

Boat Building. Davis, C. G. How to Design a Yacht. UUT-

HKB-W585r.

D29. Measured plans for several sizes. Rigging is described. Fisher, Herbert. How to Build a Model Yacht. UUT-F537h. Yacht construction, de-Hope, Linton. Small Yacht Construction and Rigging. UU-H773. Many designs and detailed diagrams of construction.

Motor Beat Handbook. UU-MS57. Construcand diagrams.

Schock, E. B. How to Build a Rowboat. UU-Sch625h. A complete work, full of designs and measurements.

Amateur Work.

Adams, J. H. Harper's Outdoor Book for Boys. jvD-Adl6. Hints on camping, fishing and related subjects. Adams, J. H. Harper's Indoor Book for Boys. JVM-Adie. Carpentering, metal work, picture framing and the things which a boy can do at Beard, D. C. New Ideas for Out of Doors; The Field and Forest Handy Book. jvD-B383n. Camping, making log houses, boats, kites, to-Camping, making log house, boggans, etc.

Beard, D. C. What to Do and How to Do It.

Amer. boys' handy book. jVM-B3Sw. How to make kites, boats, fishing tackle, puppets, magic lanterns and many other things.

Beard, D. C. Jack of All Trades. jVM-B3Sn.

Practical suggestions for keeping small wild spingels, pigeons, etc., as well as for building "I am not sure. The owners gave a animals, pigeons, etc., as well as for building Bond, A. R. Scientific American Boy. jvM-B643s. Simple directions for making tents, ice boats, etc. Full of illustrations.

Bower, J. A. How to Make Common Things, jTG-B673. How to make a "hundred and one" common and simple things with wood and metal, with few tools. "It is difficult to say. Looks like a float broken loose from a fishing net," said Warden.

"No, sir, it ain't that." pronounced Peter. "Nets have corks an' buoys, an' same common and simple things with wood and metal, with few tools.

Boy's Workshop. jTG-R719. Outlines in a practical way the care and use of tools and the making of useful articles.

Hall. A. N. Boy Craftsman. jR-H142b. Hew to handle tools, start a printing shop, conduct an amateur newspaper, build a log cabin, a canthat ain't neither."

"You may think it absurd." cried the girl, "yet I fancied just now that I caught a resemblance to a face a distorted black.

"Resemblance to a face a distorted black wood, stone, ivory, lace, embroidery and many

### Free Clinics Treat Poor Classes Gratis.

given the cue that was lacking. But his most intensely and poignantly interesting center for practically the entire down- answer. As the head physician tells her "A pig named Maud! . Did anybody a broad statement to make, but the ma- staff which can be spared from cases in her by an interne who has not yet beson from all points of view, historically ever hear the like? • • An' becos it kem jority of people who are thrown with the hospital gather to examine epileptics, come inured to suffering and misery is the masses or those who give any time consumptives, paranolacs, those who from the traditions with which the Hudson world, devoted himself again to the ex- that to watch the faces in the crowd at "are afflicted with" all sorts of imaginary valley is richly supplied. The work is of quisite panorama of Cowes on a sunlit a large depot or any other place where trations are from well executed photo- breath of air from the west rippled over the people hurrying to and fro and to and is found to be suffering with a disa strong current sweeping eastward. It attempt to place each face in its own ease perhaps but little known in this merely kissed the emerald plain into tiny category of human make-un-in other country but prevalent in far-off lands, Indianapolis: The Bobbs - Merrill to make headway against the tide, and ture in the rough not from treatises or

setting and information that can be relied upon to be, in many instances, painfully "true to life." There is the Police Court, where life's comedies and in most instances tragedies are enacted as no actor can ever portray them; the train station, as has been mentioned, is another, and others innumerable might be mentioned. But perhaps of all places where the truest phases of life, and sometimes death, in all forms, bar none, may be seen depicted upon the rapidly moving screen with kaleidoscopic swiftness and monotony is Free clinics are held in all but one or

en of these free clinics. Because of the medical attention and learn what she cluded, are known far and wide among The boatman lay on his oars, and they this. though her exploits are of such a Arthur Warden soon turned his back nature of the hospitals, Casualty and dreads in her soul to know. Faltering, many classes of people, and all these all looked at the dancing yellow ball mild character as to estimate the censors on the social paradise he was not privi- Emergency, of course, are foremost in low-voiced answers are given to the usual classes can be seen there as living types hurrying to the open sea. mild character as to satisfy the censors on the social paradise he was not privi- Emergency, of course, are foremost in low-voiced answers are given to the usual of a boarding school volume. The scene leged to enter. He was resigned to the number of classes treated. The for- questions which to her seem to be those of human nature in the rough-

sheer force of habit and crankiness have diseases, the very names of which the often than would be imagined a foreigner enters with the line of under-world folks

where sanitation may not be so well carried out by the older governments. To cure and give what relief they can to alike, yet so different, are men who stand high in the medical profession. It is eally the professor-the man who has attained his success as a physician and who best and worst-places where the student is now instructing the younger generation in the work of healing the sick-who attends to the wants of those who come for free treatment. And especially is this true of cases in which the disease may have taken some heretofore unknown or unusual course. For in such a case they are there also to learn, and it is the school of experience rather than mere study from which the most efficient workmen are graduated in any line of work. During the hours of the free clinic the

waiting room presents a strange picture. Broken men and women, some young, some old and the young sometimes old in years of dissipation, line the benches with saddened faces, awaiting their respective turns to be called by the calf-faced, white

But it is not only the maimed and the spent only a few months in the instituhimself, and it took two orderlies and anbig dinner party yesterday. The launch see more of British gunnery practice than cure medical attention in any other way. suffering by the time that they have Close at hand a swarm of launches and halt and the blind who cannot pay for tion. For them the human element must ships' boats buzzed round the landing medical treatment who haunt the open disappear and they see before them only slip of the Royal Yacht Club. The beau- and ever welcome doors of the free clinic. a machine, a piece of mechanism that, tiful lawn and gardens were living par- As is always the case in similar in- through abuse or the ravages of time, has gomety, author of "Anne of Green terres of color, for the Castle is a fa- stances, the undeserving, or people who at last falled to perform its functions Gables," etc. Frontispiece by George mous rendezvous of well dressed women, are well able to pay but who think that properly. It is their duty to make every Parties were assembling for luncheon life owes them more than they are get- effort to patch up the breaks and, as far

in construction, without much of a plot. It is as light as the proverbial feather and the reader has much difficulty in getting his mind on Anne of the bronze or a dance to eke out the afternoon and the reader has more than a half doz-

These cases are common. Every free clinic brings before the notice of the in-

ternes the suffering that is going on all around while those more fortunate are light-heartedly enjoying a life free from misery and ignorant that real pathos exists under their very eyes. Among the types most common, however, to the young doctors are the emergency cases, which are really "emergency clinics." A painter working high up over the streets on a scaffold falls and is rush-

the wrist and a mangled foot.

surgeon took out the knife and calmly examined the edge.

HE study of human nature in the mer, as its name implies, is a casualty of a merciless inquisitor, who is bent on all the verdict she needs. The professor breaks the silence that has fallen by saytlemen, superinduced by the manner of living. Under present conditions, unless not live three months. With all facilities

> ed to the hospital. A man who is unloading stone drops a heavy piece of granite on his foot. An alley fight occurs and in the melee two or more are cut or shot. All are hurried to the Emergency operating room, where the instruments are kept

> wrappings. With eyes fairly bulging and a chalkiness of countenance in spite of his midnight color he watched until the

either in the clubhouse or on board the ting from it, seep in with the influx of as mortal is able, to again put the ma- foot was comin' off instead o' me thinkdid you all git my foot off without my

And hundreds of other cases might be girl, "yet I fancied just now that I caught cited. The doors of the free clinic, being a resemblance to a face, a distorted black open as they are to all, with none exface; but it has turned round."

The boatman lay on his oars, and they classes of people, and all these classes can be seen there as living twose hurrying to the open sea.

(To be continued tomorrow.)

Wood, stone, lvory, lace, cand other things.

Lukin, James. Young Mechanic. JTG-L965y.

Practical information about use of tools, construction of steam engines and mechanical medels. Art of turning in wood and metal.

Lukin, James. Boy Engineers. 18-L964. What

rough has always been and always hospital, where 80 per cent of the emer-extracting all the unfavorable symptoms gency cases east of the Capitol building that she has for so long been trying to will be the most fascinating, the are hurried. Emergency is the receiving overlook. But she knows that she must question on which master minds and the town district. Notices on the doors an- to step into the ante-room there is no nounce the days and hours when all who need to ask the result of his examination. wish are free to enter and receive treat- Their faces, bent over their notebooks, ment. At these times all the student the pitying look that is bestowed upon become chronic guests and others who ing: "A typical case of tuberculosis, genwould-be patients do not know. More given special treatment, the patient canfor treating her she might be pulled through for six months."

The fear of most colored persons for operations; although much talked of and laughed at, is no myth. The majority who are taken to the hospital with crushed limbs or broken heads or gunshot wounds have to be placed on the operating table with main force. Several days ago one was taken to the Emergency Hospital with a terrible gash just above seen the burly form of a negro nursing a had indulged in an altercation with a rival while working on a moving flat car same treatment as does the patient who an old man who has shuffled to his place and that he could rest more quietly there "loop-the-gap" contrivance, becoming far distant buoy or lightship that marked in the institution. Then, too, the free both eyes, and though well on toward hurried him immediately to the operating hospitals as a means of bringing "all the fully listens for the summons of the doc- was decided to amputate the foot. He

> Without a sound he sprang to the floor, other physician to hold him while a nurse administered ether. Several hours later he weakly called a physician and asked: "Say, boes. why'n't you all tell me you wasn't gonner cut me up. Dat bone saw and dem shiny knives shore had me in' you was gwine ter make a subjec' of me I wouldn't 'a' fit so. Say, boss, how